

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. II.

CINCINNATI, JULY 10, 1824.

No. 2.

## MORAL TALES.

SELECTED.

### The Prisoner.

"Almost at the commencement of hostilities, I was cruising on the West Indian station, in a small sloop of war, of which I was then second in command; when in a desperate engagement with an enemy's ship of superior force, our captain and a number of the men were killed, our vessel captured and the remainder of the crew were sent on shore on one of the smaller islands then in possession of the French. Being the only officer whom heaven protected from death, I was marched at the head of those of my comrades who were able to walk to the common prison of the petty capital of the island. \* \* \*

"We were incarcerated in small, dark, and loathsome cells, without any mitigation of our miseries, for several months. In one of my daily visits to my breathing place, the iron bars of which reached within two feet of the ground, I had planted myself against one side of the window, with my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the fine blue sky, as if regardless of anything terrestrial. When I withdrew my attention from the bright heavens, the sight of which to a sailor is almost as reviving as the face of an old acquaintance, a tall thin figure of a stern visage, indented with wrinkles, caught my observation. He wore a huge cocked hat, from under which a few straggling grey hairs had escaped half-way down his sunken cheeks, and the remainder were fastened together in a long *queue*, that extended downwards nearly as low as the skirts of a blue coat, obsolete in its shape and dimensions. His legs were immersed in a tremendous pair of military boots, which reached half-way up his thighs; and he was armed with a tall and substantial gold-headed cane, which he occasionally carried like a musket, on his shoulder, as he marched backwards and forwards at some little distance from our prison. I frequently observed him, with both his hands clasped upon the top of his cane, that at the same time served as a resting-place for his chin; and I imagined, that he fixed his eyes intently upon my countenance. What

a hard-hearted old cynic he must be, thought I, to gaze upon so much misery, and with so little apparent concern! Sometimes I fancied I could discern a gleam of compassion break through the cloud of his rigid features; and there was an upright dignity in his deportment, that induced me to suppose it could not cover a heart of meanness and depravity: and on that day, when the man in the blue coat was no longer to be seen, I felt an indescribable sort of disappointment, which, on subsequent reflection in my cell, I ascribed to the extreme paucity of those who made the court-yard a place of resort.

"After a week had elapsed without my again beholding him, one morning I remained with my eyes open for a considerable time, before I could believe myself to be properly awake; for I had dreamt, that I was returned to my native cottage in Devonshire, and I seemed still to feel the warm embraces of my good old mother, who pressed me with transport to her bosom. But when I started from my miserable pallet and found it but a dream, my weakness overcame me, the tears trickled down my cheeks, and I sobbed aloud for some minutes like a child. This ebullition, however, relieved the torture of my feelings. I uttered my morning orisons to the gracious Author of my being with more than usual fervour, and proceeded with confidence and resignation to my wonted station at the window.

"I had not waited long before my acquaintance in the cocked hat once more made his appearance; and my heart palpitated with uncontrollable agitation when I saw him advancing towards me with a firm and martial step. As he approached he touched his hat, with the dignified politeness which an officer of rank displays in the salutation of his inferior, he then addressed me in French, nearly in the following terms; 'Young man, you seem to have been born to better prospects, I have long pitied your misfortunes'—He paused.

"Sir, said I, it is so long since I have heard any sounds, save the harsh voice of our jailor and the wailings of my fellow sufferers, that your words of pity are as cordial to my wounded spirit; and I thank you sincerely for your condolence.

"I am a man of few words,' replied he,

'I am the Governor of this island, and on one condition I will set you at liberty.'

"Ah! do not trifle with the wretched; but I fain would think you as incapable of offering me dishonorable terms, as I am of accepting them.

"Sir, if I had supposed you undeserving the confidence of a man of honor, I should not have proffered my assistance. I shall see you on this spot to-morrow,—and with a slight inclination of the head he disappeared.

"High and various were the perturbations of my mind during that restless night. Hope and fear alternately assailed me; and after building a thousand castles in the air, I fell into a broken slumber, and woke in the morning with my heart fluttering between doubt and expectation. A few minutes sooner than his usual time, our jailor entered, and told the prisoners, that he had orders to treat them with less rigour in future, and that I was to follow him into the court-yard, where he left me in the presence of the Governor, who bowed, and thus addressed me:

"Now, Sir, to your terms of release! Do not interrupt me till I have finished my remarks. I have been all my life in the service of my country, and several years governor of this place. I tell you in confidence, that I do not approve of all the measures of the present rulers of France; yet I considered it my duty, both for the sake of my country and my family, to remain at the post which Providence had assigned me. When my country was attacked by foreigners, I did not think it was proper in me as a soldier to quarrel with the government at home. I knew the shameful and rigorous treatment you received, and remonstrated on the subject; but it was in vain. All my motions were narrowly watched by an agent of the Directory, who has now left the island. Had I ventured more directly to interfere in mitigating your sufferings, it is probable that the lives of myself and children would have paid the forfeit of my imprudent manifestation of humanity. I am a rough soldier unused to compliment, and incapable of flattery; but I am a father, Sir, and can feel for you. I have two sons and three daughters, who have arrived at that age when the passions are strong and the heart susceptible. They are amiable,

thoughtless, generous, and affectionate; and if you will promise on your word and honor,—that you will not form any sentimental or tender connexion in my family,—that you will not endeavor to lead astray the judgments of my sons or the affections of my girls,—and that you will not suffer your acquaintance to deviate either into friendship or love,—on these terms you shall become an inmate in my family till I can procure your exchange. And when you part, it must be done at once, and no subsequent correspondence will be permitted. I feel for you as a man, but I must not forget that you are the enemy of France. Now, Sir, if you accept my conditions, follow me.'

"I made no scruple of assenting; for none but those who have long been deprived of the glorious light of day, or who have been prevented from breathing the free untainted air of heaven, can form any notion of my feelings at that moment. Enveloped as I was in rags and familiar with filth, I certainly thought more about freedom from captivity, than about either friendship or love. The good old man reiterated his injunctions as we went along, and added this as his chief reason for such precaution: 'I do not wish the cheerful serenity of my domestic enjoyments to be ruffled, or my children's happiness to be destroyed.'

"In about half an hour we arrived at the Government House, which was situated in one of the most delightful valleys of the Island. Though not large, it was constructed in such a manner as to afford comfortable and convenient accommodation to a genteel family. Its interior was fitted up in rather an antique style, which bespoke taste and refinement, devoid of splendor and ostentation. I followed my venerable guide into a spacious saloon, in which all the members of the family were assembled; and I was so shocked on viewing myself in a mirror, which reflected my figure from head to foot, that I sickened with disgust at my squalid and uncouth appearance, and wished instantly to retreat from observation. But the governor, taking me kindly by the hand, desired me to advance, and said: 'My dear children, this is the English prisoner whom I mentioned to you yesterday; he is your enemy, it is true, but he is an officer and a gentleman. After suffering a long and rigorous confinement he is now your guest; therefore remember the cautions which I have given you, and treat him as your hearts shall dictate.' \* \* \*

"Thus the whole family, of which I was an inmate, formed one social circle, where all was gaiety, happiness, and peace. Every night when I retired to rest, I taxed myself with the crime of having an inclination to break my promise with the Governor. Most fortunate was it for me, that there was more than one object to excite my admiration! The three charming sisters were all viewed

by me as equally fascinating: yet each of them was so different from the others, that it was impossible for me, who generally saw them together, to resolve upon which I should have fixed my affections, had I possessed the power of choice without infringing my word of honor. Though each of them was all that the heart of man could desire; yet to this day, whenever I reflect on those pleasing by-past scenes, I am at a loss to determine which of the lovely sisters I should prefer.

"One morning before we had quitted the breakfast table, and whilst we were rallying each other on the comparative merits of France and England, the old gentleman opened the door and beckoned me out of the room. He bade me take my hat and follow him, which I did in silence, for some time, without noticing the route we had taken, till I observed with a kind of horror, at a turn of the road, that we were proceeding towards the port. I then broke silence, and asked whither we were going, and what was the purport of our walk? The governor looked earnestly upon me, and, I thought a tear glistened in his eye.

"'You must abide by my directions,' said he, 'and it will save you and others much pain. A cartel has arrived, an exchange of prisoners has been effected, and you will sail from the island within half an hour.'

"But, my dear Sir, you will allow me to return and take—

"'No, Sir! I will have no leave-taking—no shedding of tears at parting—no pressure of the hand, more eloquent than words—no uttering of the painful FAREWELL, so destructive to the future peace of mind!'

"Oh, Sir, allow me but one word! one last adieu!

"'Not one, Sir! Remember your promise!'

"I seized the rugged veteran's hand between both of mine, and, pressing it fervently to my lips, I exclaimed, Allow me to express my gratitude—

"'Not to me Sir! I have only done my duty; and all the return I ask is, that, if the chance of war should throw a countryman of mine into your power, you will think of your well-wishers at the Government-house, and be kind to him for their sakes. You will find trunks on board, containing clothes and every necessary for your voyage. So now we must part. There is the vessel! God bless you, Sir, and send you safe to your native shores!'"

### The Moralist.

#### A FRAGMENT.

AMONG the various evils which stalk amid the haunts of man, there is one demon of destruction, whose march sure as time, impetuous as the cataract, and merciless as

the grave, desolates the fairest valley of the universe and lays prostrate the noblest structure of creation. At his approach the towering wing of genius is paralysed, the torch of reason becomes extinct, the fire of ambition expires, the smile of philanthropy is lost in the cloud of conscious degradation, the rose of health is blanched, the lustre of the eyes is dimmed, and the flowers of domestic love, and hope, and joy are withered for ever. His name is intemperance. His followers are shame and remorse, poverty, disease, infamy and death. And does not man retreat with dismay from this dark malignant and unpitying enemy? Who would not avoid the exhalations of the Upas, or fly from the dreadful Samiel of the Arabian desert; none, none in the universe! and yet, oh inconceivable madness! how many with dauntless confidence embrace this demon of intemperance; this destroyer of all that is fair and lovely in the soul, this pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day! Awake, oh man, from thy dangerous lethargy; thy senses are locked in a fearful charm, and thou smilest in thy slumber on the monster whose breath is consuming thee!

Hast thou friends? Wilt thou doom them to mourn over thy faded form, thy blighted mind, thy decayed energies? Hast thou children? Canst thou shroud the morning of their days with the veil of obscurity? Canst thou smother the noble aspirations of their youth with disgrace and infamy.

D.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### NEOPHYTON, No. III.

On a new medical plant *Prenanthes opicrina* and a new kind of Opium—*Opicrine*.

(Read before the Kentucky Institute, Feb. 11.)

I discovered in the year 1818 a very bitter plant in Kentucky, which I have seen again in full bloom in 1822 and 23, and propose to describe as a new species of the extensive genus *Prenanthes*. It might be called *Pr. gigantea* since it grows from 8 to 10 feet high, or *Pr. ochroleuca* since it has blossoms of a yellowish white; but I prefer the name of *Pr. opicrina*, which has a reference to its medical qualities, being an intensely bitter opiate.

#### *Prenanthes Opicrina*.

*Specific Definition.*—Stem grooved, paniculate upwards, leaves subsessile, the lower ones lyrate, sinuate angulose, toothed; the upper ones oblong, acuminate at both ends, unequally toothed and sinuate. Flowers paniculate-corymbose, nodding, perianthes multiflorae, hirsute outside.

*Description.*—This plant is perennial, has a large stem from 8 to 10 feet high, deeply grooved and angular, simple at the base;

branched and paniculate above. The lower leaves are very large, sometimes one foot long, somewhat runcinate: all the leaves are a little clammy, pale beneath, &c. The blossoms are numerous and large, the folioles of the perianthe (or common calyx) are linear, acute, covered outside with stiff viscid hairs; there are about 12 such folioles inclosing upwards of 25 florets of a yellow roseate color. The seeds are black and the down rufous.

*Remarks.*—This fine plant grows in many parts of Kentucky, near Hendersonville, Hardensburg, Louisville, Lexington, Stanford, Harrodsburg, Bowlinggreen, &c. It is found principally in rich woods, but also in neglected fields. It blossoms in September. The whole plant is intensely bitter, and affords a profusion of white milk, which is extremely bitter, and becomes, in drying, a bitter opium of a yellowish brown color. The bitter principle of this plant resides not only in the milky fluid, but in the roots, stem, leaves and flowers; it even exudes outwardly in the shape of a viscid fluid; and by handling the plant, the fingers become covered for several days with it, and communicate a bitter taste to whatever food you touch: this bitterness is also preserved in the dried leaves and plant. When alive the plant appears to smell bitter, somewhat like the Quassia and bitter almonds.

It is known that all opiates are slightly bitter, principally the *Lactucarium* or Lettuce Opium, and many of the milky plants of the genera *Lactuca*, *Cichoria*, *Picris*, *Prenanthes*, &c. but this species exceeds them all in bitterness. I therefore conclude that it may become a very valuable acquisition to our Materia Medica.

I have given the name of *Opicrine* to the bitter Opium produced by it. That name means the same thing in Greek, being formed from Opion and Picron. It is a new chemical combination of 4 vegetable principles. 1. The *Narcotine* or base of opiates. 2. The *Aramine* or base of bitters. 3. The *Picrine* or base of milky bitters, and 4, probably a small proportion of prussic acid. I draw this conclusion from inference, and propose to ascertain it by experiment as soon as I collect a sufficient quantity of this substance.

I would recommend the cultivation of this plant, and the investigation of its properties. It is such a large and robust plant that a single stalk may afford more Opium than 20 poppies. I feel no hesitation in asserting that the Opicrine will be found to combine the properties of Opium and Quassia, or at least of Lettuce and Colombo (*Lactuca* and *Trasera*) united in a powerful degree, and therefore may be deemed a new and valuable opiate and tonic, even in very small doses.

C. S. RAFINESQUE.

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

The life of Richard Stainer would furnish good materials for a fiction of the marvellous kind, especially if the vicissitudes that beset his heirs are united with it. He was the commander of a ship of war during the protectorate of Cromwell, and distinguished himself by several gallant actions. In 1656, having three frigates under his command, he fell in with the Spanish flota, consisting of eight sail. Notwithstanding the disproportion of numbers, he attacked them, and with such success, that in the space of a few hours he burnt one, sunk a second, captured two, and drove two on shore. The treasure on board his prizes amounted to 600,000*l.* sterling. His riches did not abate his activity in the line of his profession: the next year, in company with admiral Blake, who had the chief command, he attacked and destroyed the Spanish flota in the bay of Santa Cruz; an act so miraculous, says Clarendon, "that all who know the place, wondered how any man, with what courage soever endowed, could have undertaken it. Indeed, they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done; whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the superstitious belief, that they were devils, and not men, who had destroyed their ships."

Stainer's bravery was rewarded by Cromwell with knighthood, and the dignity of a vice-admiral. He received additional honours from Charles the Second, whom he attended on his return to England. Death shortly deprived him of the enjoyment of his titles and wealth. Having no children, he bequeathed his large property to his brother, who, by involving himself in a law-suit, lost the greater part of it, and sunk into poverty. His son, the nephew and representative of the distinguished, admired, and wealthy sir Richard Stainer, was some years a pauper in Birmingham workhouse!

—♦—  
The Protestants of Ireland were saved from destruction in the reign of Queen Mary, by the fraternal affection and presence of mind of an inn-keeper's wife at Chester.

Dr. Cole, an intolerant bigot, was entrusted with this commission. In his way thither, he rested one night at Chester, where Elizabeth Edwards kept the inn in which he was entertained. The mayor waited on him, in his official capacity, and, during their conference, the Doctor unguardedly mentioned the murderous business which he had undertaken, and took out the commission, in the presence of his hostess, whose attention was excited by the solicitude she felt for her brother, who was a protestant, and resided in Dublin.

When the mayor took his leave, Dr. Cole politely attended him down stairs. This was a moment not to be neglected:

Mrs. Edwards adroitly took the commission out of the box, which had been inadvertently left open, and placed in its stead a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs on the top of it.

Unsuspecting of what had happened, the bloodthirsty zealot put up the box, and proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in Dublin, he presented it in form to the Lord Deputy and Privy Council. His lordship opened it; and the whole assembly were no less astonished than the commissioner himself at its contents. It appeared like the work of an enchanter. The Doctor gravely assured them, that it had contained a commission, nor could he divine by what means it was removed and the cards substituted in its place.

Mortified and disappointed, he returned to the English court, in order to obtain a fresh commission; but Providence defeated his malevolent designs. Before he was able to reach Dublin, with his new ensigns of authority, the queen died, and her successor, Elizabeth, viewed the matter in a different light. The mystery was unravelled, and Mrs. Edwards rewarded by a pension for life, of forty pounds a year, for an action which in the former reign, would most probably have brought her to the stake.

The object of the Scotch rebellion, in 1745, was to place Charles, the son of James the Second, on the throne; who, by his ill-conduct, lost the affections of his people, and he with his descendants, were declared by the public voice incapable of reigning. This unfortunate young man received the name of the Pretender, and being unsuccessful in his attempt to regain the crown his father had so foolishly abandoned, underwent great hardships and dangers before he could find an opportunity of returning to France. He was often obliged to conceal himself in the humblest cottage, and sometimes to lie hid in woods and morasses, without any shelter from the weather. It happened, whilst he was a wanderer, driven from haunt to haunt, that he was received with humanity at the house of a gentleman of good family, though reduced to a narrow situation. The circumstance soon became known, and involved the host in some trouble for his hospitality. He was apprehended as a disloyal person (though he had taken no part in the rebellion) and was obliged to answer for his conduct in a court of justice. The judge demanded, in an austere voice, how he dared to give assistance to the king's greatest enemy; and whether he could urge a substantial reason why, as one who had always conducted himself with loyalty, he had not delivered up the pretender, for which he would have received the thanks of the nation, and been rewarded with thirty thousand pounds (the

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price offered by government for his person.) The prisoner, with a calm and dignified countenance, replied, that he had offered him only that humanity which one man owes to another, and given him those refreshments that nature requires, a night's lodging and a frugal repast; and who is there among my judges, continued he, were they as poor as I am, that would have deigned to become rich by violating the rights of hospitality, in order to earn the price of blood?

The simple eloquence of this untutored orator, enforced conviction on the minds of his hearers. The court was filled with confusion and amusement; reproaches were turned into plaudits; the suit was dismissed, and the prisoner set at liberty; it being impossible to condemn a man who was neither deterred by the fear of punishment, nor altered by the hope of great reward, from acting with compassion towards a fellow-creature in distress.

Bajazet, when taken captive by Tamerlane, had a just idea of the interference of a superintending Providence in these matters; for, observing that the tyrant laughed as he stood before him, he said, "Do not laugh, Tamerlane, at my misfortunes: God has subdued me, and not you. He is able to reverse our situations, and undo to-morrow, what he has decreed to-day." Tamerlane assumed a more serious countenance, and replied thus: "I laughed with no design to exult over you, but from a sudden impression of the low estimation thrones and kingdoms are held in heaven, since royalty has been bestowed on such a blink-eyed man as you are, and such a limping one as myself."

ACCOUNT OF THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS'S ARMY.

*From Thatcher's Journal.*

At about twelve o'clock, the combined army was arranged and drawn up in two lines extending more than a mile in length. The Americans were drawn up in a line on the right side of the road, and the French occupied the left. At the head of the former the great American commander, mounted on his noble courser, took his station, attended by his aids. At the head of the latter was posted the excellent Count Rochambeau and his suite. The French troops, in complete uniform, displayed a martial and noble appearance, their band of music, of which the timbrel formed a part, is a delightful novelty, and produced while marching to the ground, a most enchanting effect. The Americans though not all in uniform nor their dress so neat, yet exhibited an erect soldierly air, and every countenance beamed with satisfaction and joy. The concourse of spectators from the country was prodigious, in point of numbers probably e-

qual to the military, but universal silence and order prevailed. It was about two o'clock when the captive army advanced through the line formed for their reception. Every eye was prepared to gaze on Lord Cornwallis, the object of peculiar interest and solicitude; but he disappointed our anxious expectations; pretending indisposition, he made General O'Hara his substitute as the leader of his army. This officer was followed by the conquered troops in a slow and solemn step, with shouldered arms, colors cased and drums beating a British march. Having arrived at the head of the line, General O'Hara elegantly mounted, advanced to his Excellency the Commander in Chief, taking off his hat, and apologized for the non appearance of Earl Cornwallis. With his usual dignity and politeness his Excellency pointed to Major General Lincoln for directions, by whom the British army was conducted into a spacious field where it was intended they should ground their arms. The royal troops, while marching through the line formed by the allied army, exhibited a decent and neat appearance, as respects arms and clothing, for their commander opened his store and directed every soldier to be furnished with a new suit complete, prior to the capitulation. But in their line of march we remarked a disorderly and unsoldierly conduct, their step was irregular, and their ranks frequently broken. But it was in the field when they came to the last of the drama, that the spirit and pride of the British soldier was put to the severest test, here their mortification could not be concealed. Some of the platoon officers appeared to be exceedingly chagrined when giving the word "*ground arms*," and I am a witness that they performed this duty in a very unofficer like manner, and that many of the soldiers manifested a *sullen temper*, throwing their arms on the pile with violence, as if determined to render them useless. This irregularity, however, was checked by the authority of General Lincoln. After having grounded their arms and divested themselves of their accoutrements, the captive troops were conducted back to Yorktown and guarded by our troops till they could be removed to the place of their destination.

*Anecdote of Baron Steuben, from the same.*

After General Arnold treacherously deserted his post at West Point, the Baron never failed to manifest his indignation and abhorrence of his name and character, and while inspecting Colonel Sheldon's regiment of light horse, the name of Arnold struck his ear. The soldier was ordered to the front, he was a fine looking fellow, his horse and equipments in excellent order. "Change your name, brother soldier, you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take, General?" "Take

any other name, mine is at your service." Most cheerfully was the offer accepted, and his name was entered on the roll as Steuben. He or his children now enjoy land given to him in the town of Steuben by the Baron. This brave soldier met him after the war. "I am well settled, general," said he, "and have a wife and son, I have called my son after you, Sir." "I thank you, my friend, what name have you given the boy?" "I called him Baron, what else could I call him?"

MORILLA CALDER.

WHEN Macbeth, the usurper, obtained possession of the Scottish throne, tradition says that he created his brother, Thane of Cawdor. Of this brother was descended, in a direct line, Sir Hugh Calder, who held that estate in the 15th century.

Sir Hugh had one daughter, his only child, and having no prospect of other children, she was destined to inherit the whole of his ample domains. While yet very young, she was an object of desire to the needy and ambitious. John of Lorne, second son of the Earl of Argyle, procured minute information of the situation and circumstances of the family, and he resolved on carrying her away. Having selected a trusty party of his clan and followers, he found no difficulty in getting possession of the heiress of Calder, who was nursing at some distance from her father's ancient castle.—The nurse guessing the purpose for which the child was taken, bit a joint off her little finger to mark her identity, and instantly gave the alarm to her father. Sir Hugh made an early and vigorous pursuit, and was pressing hard on a party of the marauders, who had charge of a large boiler for cooking provisions. Campbell, of Inverliver, who commanded this division, saw the child would be rescued, unless means were found to retard the pursuit. He ordered his seven sons, who accompanied him, to invert the boiler, and to defend it to the last extremity. His command was obeyed, and the seven brothers fell in defence of the boiler. From the extraordinary bravery with which it was defended, the Calders were convinced that the heiress was beneath it, and consequently exerted all their efforts to obtain possession of the boiler; but, behold they found nothing there! The main body, however, gained time to escape in safety, and Morilla Calder was carried to Loch Awe in triumph.

In the midst of the joy expressed for acquiring possession of so rich an heiress, Campbell, of Achnanbreck, asked what was to be done if the girl died before she was of marriageable age? Inverliver promptly replied, that she could never die so long as a red-haired lassie was to be found on either side of Loch Awe. Of the marriage which afterwards took place, is descended the present highly respectable and noble family of Cawdor.

*Anecdotes of Col. Mordaunt.*—The late lieutenant-colonel John Mordaunt possessed all the talents for an agreeable companion. He had a fine person, a lively genius, a repartee always at hand, dexterity and address in most kinds of sports, and was an ardent votary to pleasure. In convivial companies in India, where he passed the chief of his life, the fascinating charms of his good nature and vivacity, threw a veil over his gross ignorance, want of application, and general dissipation, the disadvantages of which, even interest could not surmount. He neglected his profession for pleasurable pursuits, and loitered away that time in which he should have advanced himself, in the luxuries and diversions of the Nabob's court at Lucknow.

During his stay with this prince, who was called the Nabob Vizier Asopt Ul Dau-lah, he became a very great favorite with him, and received a handsome salary and many distinguished privileges from his patron. The will of this sovereign was a law for his subjects, from which there was no appeal. Every thing they held dear was at the disposal of this weak, idle, contemptible man, who often abused his power in the most wanton manner. Colonel Mordaunt sometimes humanely interposed the great influence he had over the mind of this tyrant, and saved the victims on the verge of being sacrificed to his rash vengeance.

Zoffani, the portrait painter, happened to be at Lucknow at the same time that Mordaunt was there, and, in a humorous moment, imprudently painted the Nabob at full length, but in high caricature. The picture being at colonel Martine's, where old Zoffani resided, and the colonel's house being the resort of immense numbers of the natives, especially of those, who, when the Nabob wanted money, took his jewelsto the colonel's to be pledged, it was not long before the prince was informed of the joke. In the first moments of irritation at the liberty taken with his august person, he was disposed to make the painter a head shorter for his trouble, and to dismiss the colonel, who was his chief engineer, and had the charge of his arsenal; but as nothing could be done without his "dear friend Mordaunt," a message was dispatched, requiring his immediate attendance, on matters of the greatest importance. This being a very stale mode of summoning Mordaunt, who would attend, or rather visit, only when it was agreeable to himself, would have probably been disregarded, had not the messenger stated, that the Nabob was incensed against Zoffani and Martine.

Mordaunt found the Nabob foaming with rage, and about to proceed, with a host of rabble attendants, to the colonel's. However, he got the story out of him as well as he could, and argued him into a state of calmness, sufficient to suffer his purpose to

be suspended until the next day. So soon as it could be done with safety, Mordaunt retired, and, as privately as possible, sent a note to Zoffani, with intelligence of the intended visit.

No time was lost, and the laughable caricature was in a few hours changed, by the magic pencil of Zoffani, into a superb portrait, highly ornamented, and such an inimitable resemblance of the Vizier, that it has been preferred to all which have been taken when he sat for them.

The Vizier did not fail to come, his mind full of anxiety for the honor of his dignified person, attended by Mordaunt, whose feelings for his friend's fate was speedily tranquillised, when, on entering the portrait chamber, the picture in question shone forth so superbly, as to astonish the Vizier, and to sully even the splendor which his whole equipage displayed on the occasion. Asopt was delighted, hurried the picture home, gave Zoffani ten thousand rupees for it, and ordered the person who had so officiously informed him of the supposed caricature, to have his nose and ears cut off. Mordaunt, however, was equally successful in obtaining the poor fellow's pardon; and as the Nabob would no longer retain him as a servant, very generously made him one of his own pensioners.

His power over the mind of this fickle potentate, which in the days of superstition might have passed for witchcraft, occurred on another occasion, in which he exerted his influence in the cause of humanity.

The hajam, or barber, who cut his excellency's hair, happened to draw blood, by going a little into the quick. This is considered an offence of the highest atrocity: because crowned heads, throughout India, become degraded, if one drop of their blood be spilt by a barber; over whom a drawn sword is always held, while performing his office, to remind him of his fate in case of the slightest incision.

The Nabob, actuated by the common prejudice of his countrymen, had ordered the barber to be baked to death in an oven, when Mordaunt applied for his pardon. He could only obtain it conditionally; and, to be sure, the terms on which it was granted were both ludicrous and whimsical.

Balloons were just invented at the time this happened, and colonel Martine being very ingenious, had made one which had taken up a considerable weight for short distances.

The Nabob changed suddenly from great wrath to a burst of laughter, which continued so long as to alarm Mordaunt; whose pleasure was extreme when he heard that, instead of being baked the barber was to mount in a balloon, and to brush through the air as chance might direct him.

It was accordingly settled, the balloon being sent off from his highness's fore court.

The barber was carried, more dead than alive, at a prodigious rate, to Poliergurge, distant about five miles from the city of Lucknow.

It is with regret I must add, that the man who was so capable of compassion and sympathy, though a gentleman, had never had sufficient application to learn the common art requisite to write a letter; that he associated with gamblers and black-legs, and degraded himself with acquiring the knowledge of their tricks; was thoughtless in the extreme, indulging the inclination of the moment, unrestrained by prudence or consideration. He was beloved, admired, and pitied. Why was he so amiable, without approaching nearer to the perfect character of a man of religion and virtue? Honor was the rule by which he professed to act. He was a proof, that without a higher principle, it is an imperfect guide, and incapable of exalting a man to that degree of excellence which he is destined to reach.

## THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1824.

### CELEBRATION OF THE NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated in this city on Monday last, with somewhat more than usual spirit and animation. The procession was uncommonly large, and the audience which filled the church was "very numerous and highly respectable." The prayer by the Rev. Dr. Ruter was appropriate, pious and patriotic. Judge Looker who read the Declaration of Independence, added some very interesting remarks, in which he described the effect produced by the first reading of that instrument to the army under Gen. Washington, which were pleasing and impressive. The oration by S. Findlay Esq. was a chaste and elegant production, well delivered and well received. The performances of the band were given in very fine style and the applause of the Ode sung by Mr. Lee was unbounded. We were much pleased to remark ('tho' sorry to be obliged to consider it remarkable) that scarcely an instance of intoxication was observed, nor any display of unfriendly feelings from the excitement of party spirit; and we can assure those who think that a celebration unseasoned with such stimulants must necessarily be very dull and insipid, that they are entirely mistaken, and we recommend that the experiment be made hereafter by our fellow citizens generally throughout the United States.

We also recommend the adoption of another novelty of which an experiment was made by the party that dined at the

Globe Inn, consisting of the City Guards and a considerable number of other citizens, at which General Harrison presided, assisted by Maj. Wallace as Vice President;—this experiment consisted in the substitution of real politeness for that barbarous hospitality, derived from our British ancestors, which requires the guests to drink immoderately, whether they feel inclined to do so, or not,—which sanctions a system of “espionage” into neighbouring glasses for the purpose of seeing whether they be well filled and drank dry, without heel tops or adulteration with water,—which admits of the inhuman and barbarous punishment of forcing bumpers of wine down the throats of the unfortunate offenders against the statutes of etiquette—and which is undoubtedly as inconsistent with freedom and republicanism, as with true politeness, and is peculiarly inappropriate on the day of the celebration of our independence. The custom of getting drunk, in honour of the day, we have no doubt, may be entirely exploded without danger to our republican institutions, since innovations are by no means as dangerous in our country (the constitution having provided for making them peaceably) as in the old established European governments. Our anniversary is not honoured by drunkenness; this mode of doing honour to a day is appropriate only to the celebration of the birth-days of such kings and rulers as require a surrender of the exercise of reason, in order to make the people submit to their sway,—our government requires that all our mental faculties be kept in good order, so that we may be constantly vigilant, and able to detect any departure from the principles of republicanism; and prevent any corruptions from creeping into our institutions; and it ought therefore to be considered a mark of a slavish disposition to get drunk on the fourth of July.

Among the veteran soldiers of the revolutionary army who joined the procession (comprising nearly all of the small number of old men in our city) we observed one of those *tea-dealers* whose first speculation in that article was made on board the British ships in Boston harbor in 1775,—which certainly proved very profitable to the nation, if not to the individuals engaged,—and whose experiments proved that the stimulating qualities of tea are not confined to infusions of it in hot water: for in this case, although it apparently was intended to serve no better purpose than to “bait fish withal,” yet it was soon found that its operation on the nerves and sinews of our countrymen was very extensive and salutary, that it served as a spark to kindle the fire of that patriotic enthusiasm which could overcome every obstacle, and bear with patience every evil, until those blessings which gave rise to the celebration of the day, were secured to our country.

#### FROM THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.

*Fourth of July.*—In addition to the ceremonies mentioned in our last, in honour of our National Independence, the children of this city forming our SUNDAY SCHOOLS—(except those belonging to the Episcopal church)—were assembled on Monday afternoon, to the number of 1312, at the corner of Vine and Fourth streets, where they were formed into a procession extending nearly half a mile, and proceeded along Fourth street, down Broadway, along Front street and up Main to the first Presbyterian Church, where religious exercises were performed suited to the occasion.—The Rev. Dr. Ruter delivered an address on the benefits and moral advantages of Sunday Schools, which was followed by addresses from the Rev. Russel Bigelow, and the Rev. Dr. Wilson. There is, perhaps, no scene ever presented to the contemplation of man, better calculated to excite the finest sympathies of the human heart, than a public exhibition of this character. On the education and moral bias given to the rising generation, materially depends the future welfare and happiness of the country. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,” is a maxim of the wisest man who ever lived, and is founded in the nature and constitution of man, and in the means for his temporal and eternal good.

#### TEXAS.

The following accounts of the situation of the colony established by Mr. Austin in the province of Texas is extracted from a letter published in the Louisiana Gazette of June 8, dated

“St. Felipe de Austin, April 21, 1824.

“The crops of corn and cotton in this country last year were exceedingly good; a large quantity of corn is now on hand, much of which will be kept through the ensuing summer. I can buy it at present for twenty-five cents per bushel, cash; and for fifty cents in trade. I believe this to be a country friendly to the growth of cotton in the highest perfection. I have seen whole fields of it on the Brasos and Colorado rivers, ten feet in height, upon an average throughout. A respectable planter from your state, who visited us last fall, says the staple is equal to the Sea Island.

“Sugar cane has not been cultivated here, but there can be no doubt, that the soil and climate are as well adapted to the growth and maturity of the cane plant, as any of which the far famed bottoms of the Mississippi can boast. The place from which I date my letter, is in latitude  $29^{\circ} 42' N.$  and longitude  $96^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich, being, as you will perceive, only 15' south, and about  $5^{\circ} 30'$  west of New Orleans.

This site was selected and the town surveyed last winter. It is about sixty miles from the sea coast, on the west bank of the Brassos, fifty feet above low water mark, and about two hundred feet above the level of the ocean.

“Emigration to this colony, (denominated Austin’s,) has been very rapid for the last six or eight months. Mr. Austin’s grant gives him the privilege of settling three hundred families; of this number, about one hundred and fifty are already on the spot, have entered their lands, and are now engaged in their cultivation.—Titles have not yet been issued, but will be ready for delivery during the present year.

All the culinary vegetables of your state grow here in great perfection, and some of the most delicious grapes I ever tasted, are here the spontaneous production of the soil.

“I can give you but little exact information concerning the mean temperature of this climate, having lost the table I kept the first summer I spent here, and with it, my thermometer. The prevailing winds are from the south during the summer, and mostly so, during spring and autumn.—During winter they are variable. Our last winter was like a northern summer—the preceding one was much colder—we had about two inches of snow.

On the score of health, I know not, judging from two years residence, where you will find a more congenial spot. During the first summer I spent here, it was sickly, at the mouth of the Colorado and on the sea board, but even then, it was healthy in the interior. During the last season, it was healthy throughout the colony. I do not recollect a single death from fever, or disease of any kind, on either of these rivers, for the last 12 months; in short, I can see no reason why this should not be as healthy a country as any in the world. I believe nature has formed it for one of the most fruitful, desirable, and delightful countries on the habitable earth.

“In all matters litigant, if demanded, the defendant is entitled to a kind of trial by jury. Each party selects an umpire, and the alcalde a third; from a decision by a majority of these, there is an appeal to the alcalde himself, from whose judgment an appeal lies to the ultimate judicial tribunal at the city of Mexico.

“Such is, and will continue to be the course of judicial proceedings, till the establishment of a new order of things, yet to be organized, under a late law of the Mexican Congress. When this goes into operation we shall be secured in the final and clear separation of the military, legislative, judicial and executive powers of government.

“Land is surveyed here by the Mexican measure—the Mexican yard, (*var*) con-

tains 2 feet 9.4 inches, English measure.—A tract of land 1000 *bars* square, or 1,000,000 square *bars*, is called a *labor*—equal to 177 acres, English measure. A *sitio*, or grazing farm, is a Mexican square league; or 25,000,000 square *bars*, equal to 4,446 acres, English measure.

"Every settler who has a family, is entitled to a labor and league of land, and one with considerable capital, such as slaves, is entitled to more. A single man who emigrated to the country at the commencement of Col. Austin's enterprise, is entitled to one fourth of a league; but those who joined him but lately, get only a sixth of a league. For this, they pay twelve & a half cents per acre. From such as were here at the beginning of the settlement, any kind of property they have, is received in payment, but from all new comers, *cash* is required, or that which is deemed its equivalent.

"The bottom lands on these rivers are from one to ten miles wide; but their average width is about three and a half miles.

"A beginning is already made here in the great work of elementary education. Two schools are already established in this settlement, and another is to be opened in a few days in this place.

"No port of entry is yet established in this part of the province. It is in contemplation to establish one at the mouth of the Brassos; but on this subject a decision is not yet formed. The coast has never been surveyed, and it is not only unsafe, but dangerous for vessels to attempt to make the mouth of the river without a skilful and experienced pilot; with such a one, it is neither dangerous nor unsafe. There is no bay or harbour at the mouth of the river; but after they enter it, they can ride safely for thirty miles up, and in a tolerable high stage of water can ascend it to this place.

It is impossible for me to give an opinion as to the value of our lands at this time.—The absence of almost every data by which values are elsewhere tested, such as a metallic medium to offer in exchange, and the want of competition amongst purchasers, (there being as yet an abundance to satisfy the demand at the entry price,) forbids the application of any known principle of calculation by which to graduate their worth.

### Literary AND Scientific Notices.

Proposals have been issued for publishing, in this city, a religious periodical work, to be entitled the CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE, to be edited by Isaac G. Burnet, Esq. a gentleman whose talents as an editor have long been known and appreciated in this city, and whose character is a sufficient guarantee for the purity of motive with which the work is undertaken and for the zeal to pro-

mote the cause of genuine christianity which will characterise it. Whether it will be practicable to preserve the strict impartiality promised in the following extract from the prospectus, we consider somewhat doubtful, but we have no doubt that it will be adhered to as nearly as possible.

"In asking for the CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE the patronage of his fellow citizens, he owes it to them to avow very explicitly the principles which will govern him in his editorial career.—He wishes it to be distinctly understood, that his labors will not be directed to the special advancement of any one among the different sects into which the christian world is divided, to the exclusion of others. His object will be to promote practical godliness, and in delineating the labors of christian benevolence, he will not pause to enquire whether they were performed by a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, or an Episcopalian; but considering each of these, however, they may differ in outward forms of worship, and in some points of doctrine not absolutely essential to salvation, as holding and cherishing 'the faith once delivered to the Saints,' it will be his delight to view them all as belonging to the same family, of which Christ is the 'living head,' and to see them striving together to carry forward that great system of means which will prove mighty through God, to regenerate the world."

The work is to be published weekly on a royal sheet in octavo form, at three dollars per annum.

A new comedy, written by Lemuel Sawyer Esq. M. C. entitled "Blackbeard," has lately been published. The scene is laid in Currituck County, N. C.

The Massachusetts Academy of Arts and Sciences offer an annual premium of \$100 for the best essay on a subject to be named by the Academy.

The subject for the present year is "An enumeration and account of the materials which exist for the History of the native tribes of America before its discovery by Columbus.

A new work is mentioned in the Baltimore Telegraph, written by a Mr. Stirrat of that city, in which an old subject is treated in a somewhat novel manner. It is *A treatise on Political Economy in the form of a Romant*. The editor of the Telegraph speaks very highly of the work.

The title of the new novel by the author of Waverly, &c. is said to be "Red-gauntlet," a Tale of the eighteenth century.

The memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself a considerable time since, were presented by the author to his friend Thomas Moore, the Poet, who sold the copy right, with the consent of the author, to Mr Murray for £2000.

Since the death of Lord Byron, Mr. Moore, fearing that the publication of the work might wound the feelings of some part of the author's family, appointed a meeting with one of the nearest relatives of the deceased, by whom jointly with Mr. M. the work was examined, the result of which examination was, that its publication would be improper and it was therefore committed to the flames.

The £2000 was repaid to Mr. Murray by his Lordship's family, who had previously offered Mr. Moore £5000, for the manuscript, which he very honorably refused, but consented to have it committed to the flames.

### Summary.

#### Death of Lord Byron.

Lord Byron died at Missolonghi on the 19th April last; an event which is considered a national calamity by the Greeks, who, with good reason, considered him one of their greatest benefactors. The following demonstrations of respect for his memory were immediately decreed:

1. To-morrow by sunrise, thirty-seven minute guns shall be fired from the batteries of the town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage.
2. All public offices, including all Courts of Justice, shall be shut for the three following days.
3. All shops except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut, and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary to these days, all sorts of festivity and merriment in the public taverns, and every sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above named period.
4. A general mourning shall take place for 21 days.
5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

**Fire.**—A fire broke out in the Type Foundry of Messrs. T. H. Carter & Co. on Salem street, Boston, on Wednesday night last, about eleven o'clock, and was not arrested until it had consumed the two upper stories, and much injured the next. A part of the building was occupied as a book-bindery. The Foundry contained a large amount of property. The power presses, owned by Messrs. Carters, were entirely destroyed. A large amount of stereotype plates and type, belonging also to them, and a great amount of book and paper stock, belonging to Messrs. Cummings, Hilliard and Co. and a number of other booksellers, was either destroyed or greatly injured.

The value of property destroyed is thought to amount to fifty or sixty thousand dollars, on which there was insurance to the amount of about \$40,000.

**Great Britain.**—In the House of Commons, on the 21st. Mr. Ellice gave notice that he should on the Thursday following move for certain papers respecting the conduct of Gen. Lumley, Governor of the Bermudas.

Capt. George Anson Byron, of the British Navy, succeeds to the title, &c. of Lord Byron.

A national Commission Company is to be formed in Dublin, for consignments and making advances thereon at legal interest as is usual at the great public Mart in London. The Capital to be £100,000, to be raised in £20 Shares.

## POETRY.

For the Cincinnati Literary Gazette.

## THE MOTHER TO HER DYING INFANT.

Child of my bosom, how deep thy decay,  
Life, thy last tint is now fading away:  
Death, his pale seal on thy cheek has imprest,  
Babe of my love, thou art hast'ning to rest.

Pain, thou shalt riot no more on his form;  
Grave, thy cold pillow is rock'd with no storm;  
Slumbers of death, ye are tranquil and deep,  
Sweetly and long, shall the sufferer sleep.

Bud of affection pale, canker'd and low  
Blossom of hope, shall I weep for the blow?  
Life, thy dark bollow is turbid and wild  
Mercy, thy cherubims wait for my child.

Go then my babe, the deep conflict is past,  
Calm and resign'd I will yield to the blast.  
Go where the spoiler shall scatter no blight,  
Angels shall hymn thee to regions of light.

Ah! thy deep moanings still break on my ear,  
Still thy pure spirit is lingering here,  
Grief, thy dark surges yet proudly shall roll,  
Visions of bliss yē have fled from my soul!

Look at that face! 'tis distorted and wild,  
See those wan features where innocence smil'd;  
Where are their light and their loveliness now?  
Heavy and cold are the dews on his brow.

Hark how convulsive and deep is his breath!  
See those clench'd hands they are struggling with  
death!  
When, oh my God! shall the agony cease?  
When shall the sufferer slumber in peace?

Say, shall I weep when in sleep he is laid?  
No! the deep waves of despair shall be staid;  
Calmly I'll gaze on the still settled face,  
Calmly impress the last icy embrace.

Loveless and cold when my pathway is left,  
Hope, of its blossoms eternally rest,  
Summon'd to bliss, my lost cherub shall rise  
Pure and immortal, a child of the skies.

D.

## FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Mr. Editor:

Should you deem this effusion worthy a corner  
in your excellent paper, please insert it and oblige  
yours,

Spirit of song, awake, arise,  
Spirit of earth, of air, of skies,  
The hour invites to love and thee,  
For all breathes life and harmony.  
Child of feeling, descend—impart  
The wonders of thy magic art.

Spirit of song, our hands shall twine  
A garland for thy sacred shrine,  
Where genius oft, delighted flings  
The brightest of his offerings,  
And souls of worth in concert prove  
Thy inspirations, full of love.

Spirit of song, all hearts are thine,  
Offspring of air—power divine,  
Oh! steal upon our longing ears,  
Chase, chase away all mortal fears,  
Breath of heaven, of nature gay,  
Spirit of song—then come away.

J. G. D.

## FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

## ODE SALUTATORIA

AD

Rev. Dom. Horatium Holleium, L. L. D.  
*Universitatis Transilvaniensis*  
*Presidem.*

Quid legi dignum tibi donet, *Hollei*,  
Musa silvestris, redeunte vere,  
Dum sedet curas minuens edaces  
Carmine dulci?

Delii ex lauro Paphiaque myrto  
Nectarem gratus meritam coronam;  
Tale donaret tibi munus, *Hollei*,  
Musa libensque.

Nulla sed nostro nemore aut in agro,  
Nascitur laurus neque amœna myrtus;  
Prata sed fundunt variosque flores  
Suavè et olentes.

Ex quibus plexis hedera virente  
Sagmine et sacro, nitidam corollam  
Musa contextet, meditans amico  
Ruris honores.

Æde Musarum eximus sacerdos,  
Artibus formas docilem juventam;  
\*Splendidum et monstras Heliconis alti  
Scandere culmen.

Tuque dotorum coryphaeus, atque  
Mente præcellens, superas et omnes  
Aureas fundens sophice loquelas  
Ore rotundo.

\*Arduum.

W. Lexington, 1824.

Translated from the Spanish of J. Vasquez, for  
the Cincinnati Literary Gazette.

That a young widow sighs and weeps,  
When in the grave her husband sleeps,  
I do perceive:  
But that she would not take with grace  
Another to supply his place,  
I don't believe.

That Chloris tells me, I alone  
Have made her captive heart my own,  
I do perceive:  
But that she does not tell with pride  
The same fair tale to scores beside,  
I don't believe.

That jealous husbands' luckless fates  
Should make them more of guards than mates,  
I do perceive:  
But that these fools, by cupid catched,  
Are watching more than they are watched,  
I don't believe.

That a young lady tears can shed  
O'er those to Hymen's altar led,  
I do perceive:  
But that she does not much desire  
At the same honor to aspire,  
I don't believe.

That Celia joins in marriage noose  
With one her sordid parents chose,  
I do perceive:  
But that she does not slight the elf,  
And chose a lover for herself,  
I don't believe.

That Flora, 'mid surrounding beaux,  
In her fair bosom drops a rose,  
I do perceive:  
But that she does not wish or dream  
The other flower may lovelier seem,  
I don't believe.

That incense, by the suitor-train,  
Is daily burnt in cupid's fane,  
I do perceive:  
But that, without the aid of gold,  
Incense can their affections hold,  
I don't believe.

That every wight who scribbles rhyme  
Thinks his productions quite sublime,  
I do perceive:  
But that his reader should suppose  
Them equal to the meanest prose,  
I don't believe.

That Que'do yields a keener pen  
Than I, to lash the faults of men,  
I do perceive:  
But that I, therefore, should refrain  
T' expose the foolish, base and vain,  
I don't believe.

P.

## SELECTED.

## SONNET.

Faltering and sad the unhappy pilgrim roves,  
Who on the eve of bleak December's night,  
Divided far from all he fondly loves,  
Journeys alone, along the giddy height  
Of these steep cliffs—and as the suns last ray  
Fades in the west, sees from the rocky verge  
Dark tempests scowling o'er the shorten'd day,  
And hears with ear appall'd the impetuous surge  
Beneath him thunder.—So, with heart oppress'd,  
Alone—reluctant—desolate and slow,  
By friendships cheering radiance now unblest,  
Along life's rudest path I seem to go,  
Nor see where yet the anxious heart may rest,  
That, trembling at the past, recoils from future  
woe.

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